

COWBOY WESTERN



N°48

COWBOY

WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



FEATURING
GOLDEN ARROW

10¢



GIORDANO
ALASCIA



WEB COMIC
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Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE
COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles
Atlas

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below, I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll



SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high. Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/4 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

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—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch. My chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid, mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

COWBOY WESTERN

Published quarterly by Charlton Comics Group. Executive Office at Derby, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office \$1.20. Copyright 1953 by Charlton Comics Group.

Volume 1, Number 48

offices and office of publication Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues. Designed by Al Fazio Studios. Printed in the U.S.A.

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

FREE

Illustrated 32-
Page Book. Just
Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3 1/2 MILLION follows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it

may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32512, 1115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 32512

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
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- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

Name _____ Age _____

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☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS
EH! die this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ POT O' GOLD
LASH LAZY WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS
ZOO FUNNIES ★ THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



RIP RYAN

in
TRIGGER BAIT

D-DON'T SHOOT,
RIP! I'M SHUFFLE
... YOUR OWN
DEPUTY!

WHAT I'M AIMING AT
IS THE DEADLIEST KILLER
ON THE PLAINS, YOU OLD
COYOTE! HUG THE GRASS
..THERE'S GONNA BE
HOT LEAD FLYING!

THE TROUT
WERE BITING
THAT AFTER-
NOON FOR BOTH
RIP RYAN AND OLD
SHUFFLE, HIS
DEPUTY... BUT A
MAN-HUNT
CHANGED THEIR
PLANS DRAMATICALLY!
FOR WITH INFAMOUS
BILLY BANCROFT
ON THE LOOSE,
FISHING RODS
SOON GAVE WAY
TO...

**TRIGGER
BAIT**

PICK
BOWNO

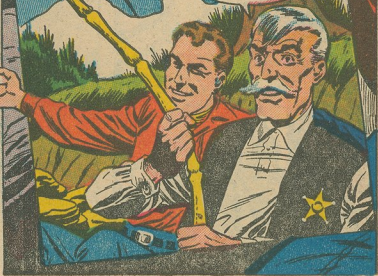
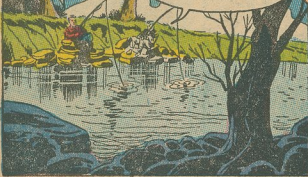
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A
CHANCE, METHUSELAH!
THAT TWO POUNDER
OF MINE'S A CINCH...

M-MY LINE...
IT'S BUCKING LIKE
THERE'S A WHALE
AT T'OTHER END!
YIPPEE...
STAND BACK!

THE DAY STARTED OFF PLACIDLY ENOUGH, BE-
SIDE LONGHORN CREEK, ON THE OUTSKIRTS
OF COWTOWN...

THIS IS THE LIFE,
EH, SHUFFLE? A
DAY OFF SURE
GETS THE VITAL
JUCES FLOWING
AGAIN.

KEEP YOUR MIND
ON THE FISH, MARBLE-
HEAD! AND REMEMBER
OUR BET... GUY WHO
CATCHES THE BIGGEST
FISH GETS STOOD A
MEAL AT THE
COPPER NUGGET!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



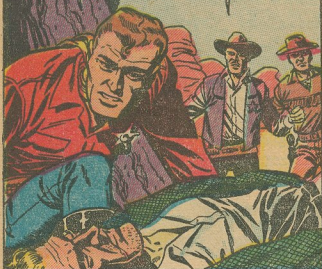
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THIS GUY WAS A GUNNY FOR BANCROFT, EH? I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT HOW DEADLY BILLY IS...

WORST KILLER IN THESE PARTS, MARSHAL! YOU EVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING UP WITH 'IM?

CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER SET EYES ON BANCROFT, SHERIFF... NEVER EVEN SEEN A PICTURE OF 'IM. IF HE AND HIS SIDEKICK ESCAPED FROM YOUR JAIL IN CENTRAL CITY THEY SURE CAME A LONG WAY!

OVER 700 MILES! WE AIM TO CUT BILLY OFF BEFORE HE CROSSES THE BORDER!



BILLY BANCROFT'S A REAL MURDEROUS RANNY... I DON'T KNOW IF THE TWO OF US ARE GONNA BE ENOUGH TO TAKE 'IM! IF HE AIN'T DOING ANYTHING SPECIAL, I COULD SURE USE YOUR DEPUTY...

SHUFFLE? HMM... HE'S MORE TALK THAN ACTION...

L-LISTEN TO ME, RIP RYAN... THERE AIN'T A MAN OUT THIS WAY WHO CAN MATCH ME AT GUNSLINGING, AND YOU KNOW IT! MORE TALK THAN ACTION, EH? W-WHY, IF I WAS A COUPLA YEARS YOUNGER I'D TAKE THIS BANCROFT ON **SINGLE-HANDED!**

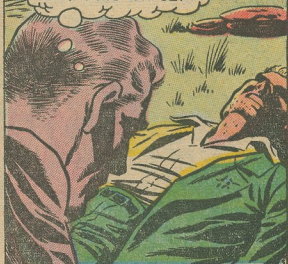


DON'T WORRY NONE ABOUT YOUR DEPUTY, MARSHAL... WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF 'IM!

GOOD HUNTING, SHERIFF!



SO BANCROFT'S BUSTED OUTTA CENTRAL CITY JAIL, HAS HE? HEADED TOWARD THE BORDER, THE SHERIFF SAID AND... HMM... FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO GET A CLOSE LOOK AT THE CORPSE!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATER, MILES AWAY...

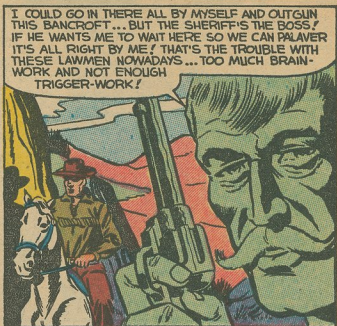
I'LL TEACH THAT PUP RID RYAN
THAT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN HE
IS...I'LL CUT THIS BANCROFT DOWN
WITH A SINGLE BULLET! RIDING
GUIDE LIKE THIS, 'CAUSE THE
SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY DON'T
KNOW THE COUNTRY HEREABOUTS,
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO
SIGHT THIS KILLER!



S-SHERIFF...OVER
YONDER IN THE TREES!
I...I THINK WE'RE
CLOSING IN!



I COULD GO IN THERE ALL BY MYSELF AND OUTGUN
THIS BANCROFT... BUT THE SHERIFF'S THE BOSS.
IF HE WANTS ME TO WAIT HERE SO WE CAN PALAVER
IT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH
THESE LAWMEN NOWADAYS... TOO MUCH BRAIN-
WORK AND NOT ENOUGH
TRIGGER-WORK!



THAT MUST BE BILLY ALL RIGHT...PROB'LY
THINKS HE'S FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM
CIVILIZATION TO RISK A FIRE! YOU GAMME
YOUR **BADGE**, THEN RIDE INTO THE FOREST,
SHUFFLE! THAT WAY BANCROFT WON'T KNOW
YOU'RE A LAWMAN! THEN WE'LL FOLLOW
YOU AND GRAB 'IM!



G-GIVE YOU MY **BADGE**? NOT ON YOUR
LIFE, SHERIFF...THE FOLKS IN COWTOWN
PINNED IT ON ME AND THEY'RE THE ON'Y
ONES WHO CAN TAKE
IT OFF! I'LL RIDE
INTO THAT FOREST
AFTER HIM WITH IT
PINNED ON!

OKAY, PARDNER...
HAVE IT YOUR
OWN WAY! JUST
BE CAREFUL...
WE WARNED
YOU!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SEEMS TO ME IT'D BE BETTER TO SURROUND THIS COYOTE... LOT SAFER! BUT IF THE SHERIFF WANTS ME TO ACT AS A DECOY SO HIM AND HIS DEPUTY CAN FOLLER ME UP, THAT'S HOW WE'LL DO IT! SEEMS QUEER, THOUGH!



I'LL SHOW RIP I GOT MORE GUTS THAN A BARREL OF ORDINARY LAW OFFICERS! I SURE HOPE THIS BANCROFT AIN'T TRIGGER HAPPY... AND THE S-SHERIFF MOVES IN FAST ONCE I SIGHT 'IM! G-GETTING CLOSE...



C-CAN SMELL THE SMOKE! IF... IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME IT'LL BE RIP'S FAULT! THAT YOUNG NUMBSKULL NEVER SHOULD LET ME GO ON THIS MAN-HUNT!



C-COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS R-RAISED, M-MR. BANCROFT! N-NO NEED FOR Y-YOU TO KICK UP A FUSS... W-WE GOT THE WHOLE DANG PLACE SURROUNDED! FUNNY... NO ONE HERE!



HE MUSTA SEEN ME COMING AND SKEDADDLED! LUCKY FOR HIM... HUH?

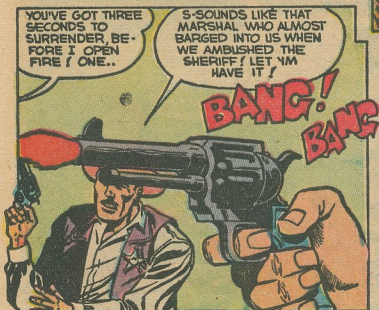
DON'T MAKE A MOVE, YOU OLD MELON HEAD! STAY WHERE YOU ARE... AND LISTEN!



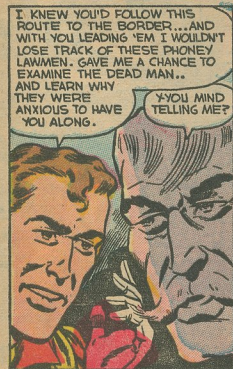
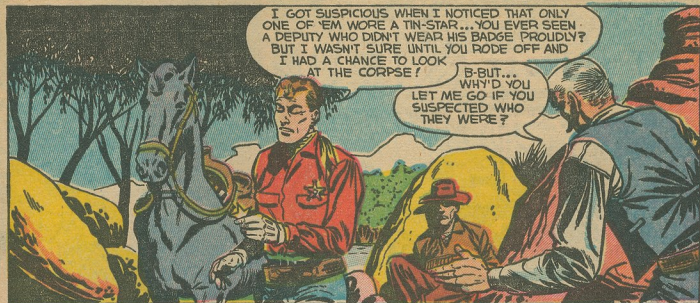
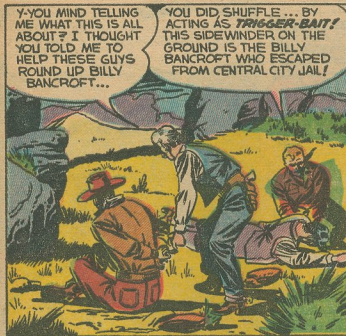
RIP RYAN! ARE... YOU BILLY BANCROFT?

COURSE NOT, FEATHER-BRAIN! BUT I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS... WITHOUT NEVER LAYING EYES ON 'IM!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



AFTER BILLY'S PARTNER-IN-CRIME WAS SAFELY LOCKED IN THE COWTOWN JAIL, AND THE DEAD SHERIFF'S BODY SENT TO CENTRAL CITY...



THE MAN-HUNT SEEMED DOOMED TO DISMAL FAILURE, FOR THE THIEF WHO HAD JUST LOOTED THE "LAST OUTPOST" WAS ESCAPING WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED... WHILE ALL SKITCH CARTWELL COULD MUSTER WAS...

ONE HORSEPOWER



WAY OUT HERE I DON'T GET TO SEE MANY FOLKS... ALWAYS GLAD WHEN SOMEONE DROPS IN. SHALL I FILL 'ER UP, MISTER?

TO THE BRIM, FRIEND! AND WHEN YOU GET FINISHED, YOU CAN RAISE THOSE SKINNY ARMS AND MAKE LIKE THIS IS A HOLD-UP!



DON'T SEEM VERY NEIGHBORLY OF YOU...

I CAN BE REAL NASTY AT TIMES, SLIM. WE CAN AVOID IT IF YOU'LL OBLIGE ME BY OPENING THAT CASH REGISTER



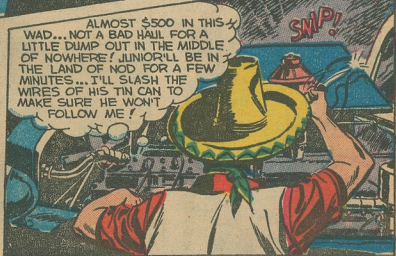
THE NAME ISN'T SLIM, FRIEND... IT'S SKITCH CARTWELL. AND I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE IN SUCH A HURRY TO STEAL THIS MONEY... I'LL SEE TO IT YOU GIVE IT BACK!

THAT SO? A REAL OLD TIME HERO, AREN'T YOU?



NOT A BILL HICKOK, MISTER, BUT UGH!

GO JOIN THE OTHER HOT-SHOTS, KID... IN DREAMLAND!



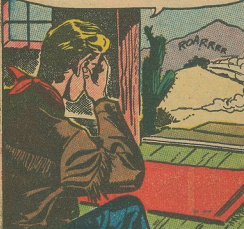
ALMOST \$500 IN THIS WAD... NOT A BAD HAIL FOR A LITTLE DUMP OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE! JUNIOR'LL BE IN THE LAND OF NOD FOR A FEW MINUTES... I'LL SLASH THE WIRES OF HIS TIN CAN TO MAKE SURE HE WON'T FOLLOW ME!

SNIP!

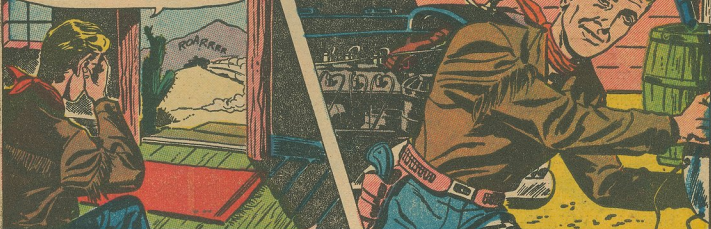
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

PILING ABOARD HIS MUD-SPATTERED JEEP, THE THIEF ROARED OFF. A MINUTE PASSED, THEN...

UGH! F-FEEL LIKE A MOUNTAIN FELL ON ME, THAT. THAT CROOK... HE'S HEADED LICKETY SPLIT ACROSS THE PLAIN! G-GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF...



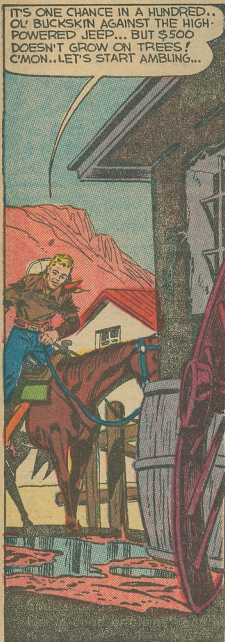
I-I'M STILL A LITTLE WOBBLY, BUT I CAN'T SIT AROUND AND FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF! HE TOOK CARE OF THE CAR RIGHT PROPER... ONLY ONE WAY LEFT FOR ME TO TRACK 'IM!



IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED.. OL' BUCKSKIN AGAINST THE HIGH-POWERED JEEP... BUT \$500 DOESN'T GROW ON TREES! C'MON..LET'S START AMBLING...

SPURRING HIS HORSE WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, SKITCH HURTTLED ACROSS THE RUGGED PLAINS IN PURSUIT OF THE BOUNDING JEEP...

LOOKS LIKE THIS RUGGED GROUND IS SLOWING 'M DOWN... WHEELS WOBBLING ALL OVER THE PLACE. FROM THE LOOK OF IT HE MUST BE HEADED FOR BALDY PASS. THERE'S ONE WAY WE CAN SAVE TIME AND MEBBE CUT 'M OFF... A WAY NO NEW-FANGLED CONTRAPTION LIKE A JEEP CAN NAVIGATE!



U-UP YOU GO BUCKSKIN... HAIL!!



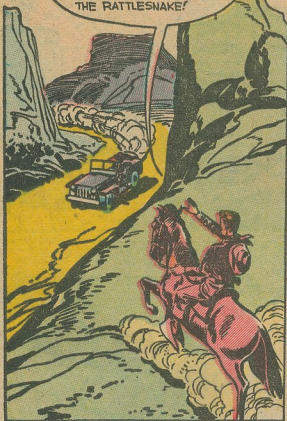
SPARKS FLEW AS BUCKSKIN'S HOOVES TOUCHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE RAVINE. FOR A MOMENT THEY TEETERED WILDLY, REGAINED BALANCE AND GALLOPED ON. A FEW MINUTES LATER...

EASY FELLER... LOOKS LIKE I GUESSED RIGHT. HERE HE COMES!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE WAY THIS LOBO'S
REVVING IT UP HE'D RIDE
RIGHT OVER US WITHOUT
BLINKING. GOTTA GIVE OUR-
SELVES AN EVEN SHAKE...
OR WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE
AGAINST 'IM! MEBBE **THIS**
WAY WE CAN AMBUSH
THE RATTLESNAKE!



SLOW DOWN, STRANGER...
I COME HERE TO TAKE
THAT MONEY BACK!

W-WHAT THE...? IT.
IT'S THAT DIMWITTED
STRINGBEAN! H-HOW'D
HE GET HERE?



GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW,
CAUSE I'M GONNA SEAL HIS
MOUTH FOR GOOD!

ONE..
TWO...



THREE..
FOUR...

BAM!
BAM!



...FIVE...SIX! HIS GUN'S
EMPTY... TIME FOR ME TO
STICK MY NECK OUT AND
DO A L'il TARGET PRACTICE
OF MY OWN! ON THAT
REAR TIRE!

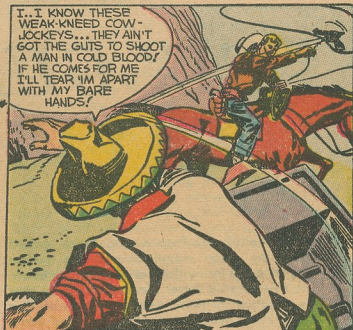
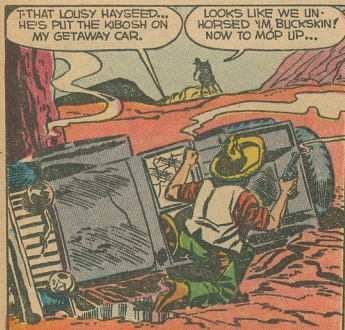
BAM!
BAM!



HE'S AIMING AT ME!
G-GOTTA STEP ON THE
GAS BEFORE..AIEIE!



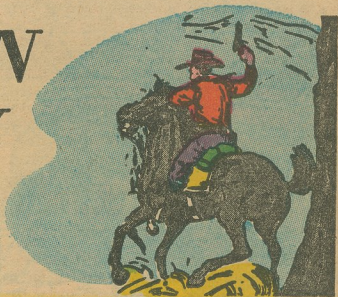
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



AN HOUR LATER,
A STRANGE PROCESSION MOVED DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF HORN RIM...



SIX-GUN SAVVY



The Wells-Fargo Express stagecoach lurched down the steep mountain trail, its ancient creakings lost in the thunder of pounding hoofs. The bewhiskered driver glanced anxiously over his shoulder at the billowing plume of dust rising in his wake, and with a muffled curse, swung the ends of his lines and brought them down on the rump of the off wheeler with a resounding whack.

"That danged cloud o' dust is a dead give-away tuh every road agent in these parts!" he growled to the grim figure on the box beside him. "I shore hope we don't git jumped by thet six-gun-loco Gunny Sack Bandit! The sidewinder is plumb kill-crazy."

"And I'm hoping we dol," came the slow, measured reply. "I've got some unfinished business with the maverick, and the quicker we lock horns, the quicker I aim to settle things! This time for good!" he added dryly.

For over a year the wily, mysterious Gunny Sack Bandit had eluded the crack man-hunters of the West. Those he had not eluded lay in scattered boothills. When Jimson's kid brother had gone to his death before the six-gun of the road agent, the ranger had volunteered to take the badman's trail, and had been promptly accepted.

"Bring him in dead or alive!" he had been bluntly ordered, "if it takes you the rest of your life!"

For months the Gunny Sack Bandit had been plundering the trails, leaving no clue in his deadly wake. Always he operated in the same fashion: A sudden burst of six-gun fire from ambush toppling the driver and shotgun messenger from atop the stagecoach, the quick plundering of the gold shipment by a lone figure with a gunny sack in which eye-holes had been cut out draped over his head and shoulders, followed by swift flight . . . and sure escape! For weeks Slaughter Jimson had haunted the trail in fruitless search. Then on a bleak, windswept trail on the outskirts of Antelope Lick, their paths had crossed.

Slaughter's thin lips tightened as he recalled the event which had ended in a gunsmoke standoff. The Gunny Sack Bandit's bullet had

ripped through his left shoulder, spinning him off the top of the stagecoach he rode. Twisting in mid-air, he had drawn and fired a snap shot with the unerring instinct of the natural gunslinger. The bullet had shattered the Gunny Sack Bandit's right wrist. For two months after that, the stagecoaches had rolled unmolested. Then, without warning, the outlaw had reappeared, deadlier than ever. And now Ranger Slaughter Jimson was back on the trail once more with "unfinished business" to settle — for good this time!

The trail narrowed, snaking its way through a boulder-strewn divide. The pace slackened as the terrain grew rougher. Suddenly the leaders tossed their heads and their ears pricked forward and swung to the right, as if to pick up some sound pitched beyond the range of human ears. Ranger Slaughter Jimson nudged the driver with his shoulder as he reached for the lines.

"Take cover inside the coach! I've got a sure-fire hunch that road agent might be . . .!" His words died aborning.

A sudden jolt sent them both toppling from the coach, as the air was shattered by the roaring blast of gunfire. A withering hail of slugs struck the box they had just vacated. Ranger Jimson's head crashed against a boulder. A myriad of colored lights flashed through his consciousness, and darkness engulfed him.

When he came to a few minutes later, the faint drumming of flying hoofs fading into the distance told its grim story. The Gunny Sack Bandit had struck again and had made his getaway. The driver lay in a huddled heap that was beginning to stir. The ranger shook the cobwebs from his mind as he arose, strode toward the stagecoach and clambered up. The driver's seat was raised, and the box beneath that had held the gold shipment was empty. For a long moment the ranger gazed at the bullet holes in it. Then, using his jackknife, he began goug-

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ing. A moment later, a misshapen chunk of lead lay in the palm of his hand, being carefully weighed and scrutinized. A puzzled look spread faintly over his grim features and vanished in the wake of an equally grim, thin-lipped smile. With a panther-like bound, he was at the head of the startled Appaloosa bronc tied to the coach. A jerk on the reins freed them. Flashing into the saddle he was gone in a swirling cloud of dust and flying gravel, leaning far out of the saddle, scanning the trail he was hot on.

The tracks led toward a sprawling frontier town. Dusk was falling when he lost the trail in the mire of tracks that criss-crossed the approach to the one main street. Finding his mysterious quarry with not even a description to go on would be worse than looking for a needle in a haystack. And yet not quite! He had one slim clue to pin his hope on.

Ranger Jimson pulled his bronc up at the first hitching rack and swung down. For a moment he coolly surveyed the one street through narrowed eyes, taking careful note of the hitching racks. All were bare except the one before the Red Front Saloon. That rack was crowded with an assortment of broncs. His quarry had not had too much of a lead on him. He must have pushed his bronc to the limits of its speed and endurance to have stayed out of the Appaloosa bronc's range. The ranger strode over to the hitching rack and passed behind the loafing broncs, running his hand over their rumps as he did so. His hand came away wet from the hot rump of a weary buckskin.

He strode up to the swinging doors of the saloon and pushed through, his falcon-fierce eyes sweeping the scene before him. Then they settled on the long row of dusty men lined up at the bar. One of them was the man he sought. He was nearing the end of the trail. His next move would bring his quarry to bay for the final showdown. His orders had been, "Bring him in dead or alive," and he would carry out those orders. Whether it was dead or alive would depend on how the badman wanted to play his hand. To Slaughter Jimson it made no difference. He loosened his vocal chords and spoke in a clear, crisp voice.

"Gents! There's a maverick among you that I aim to bring in! I want him to give himself up now, while he's got the chance!"

Dead silence filled the room. Not a man stirred. The ranger's voice took on the slow, measured cadence of a metronome.

"If my next order stampedes you gents there's going to be a mess of blood spilt, so I want you all to take it slow and easy-like. I want you gents to put your six-guns on the bar before you one at a time, starting with the gent on the left!"

The man cast him an anxious glance and be-

gan to comply. Out of the corner of his eye the ranger caught a movement. With the dazzling speed of forked lightning, he whirled and dipped, and the twinkling six-guns in his hands spat twin jets of scarlet flame as they roared in unison. The man who had made his move and lost was spun forcibly against the bar. His half-drawn six-gun dropped, struck the brass rail with a metallic clank and thudded to the floor. The man hung poised against the bar with jaws agape, clutching in wonder at the crimson blotch spreading across his shirtfront. Slowly he slumped forward, fell heavily to the floor, rolled face downward and lay still.

The ranger stared at the body coldly and addressed the bartender.

"Did this maverick leave any of his belongings with you?"

The bartender gasped with surprise.

"Y-Yeah! He asked me if he could cache his bedroll under the bar for a few hours! H-How did you know that?" he stammered.

"Bring it out!" ordered the ranger.

The man obeyed with alacrity. The ranger loosened the straps and unrolled the bedroll. A heavy canvas bag stencilled BLOE MINING CO. and a gunny sack with eye-holes cut out of it lay before them.

The swinging doors suddenly exploded inwardly. A stormy sheriff and his deputies strode into the room.

"Whut in thunder's goin' on hyar?," the sheriff roared. "I heard the gunplay an' come a runnin'!" He stopped short and stared down at the body. "Who's he?," he added.

"The Gunny Sack Bandit!," replied Ranger Slaughter Jimson casually. "I reckon my unfinished business with him is plumb settled at last!"

"But-But how in tarnation did you know who he was?," sputtered the sheriff. "Thar wasn't even a description out on the sidewinder!"

"Pick up his six-gun and look at it!," the ranger commanded. "You'll find it's a .38 mounted on a .44 frame!"

The sheriff picked up the six-gun and looked at it, scratching his head in wonder.

"Yuh're plump right, Ranger, but it beats me how yuh could o' knowed that!" he drawled.

"It's plump simple!," explained Ranger Slaughter Jimson. "I smashed his right wrist with a bullet the last time our trails crossed. When I dug a .38 caliber slug out of a stage-coach shot up today, I knew he must have had a .38 mounted on his old .44 frame to lighten the force of the recoil on his weakened wrist. That gave me the one clue I needed. Not many men in these parts pack a .38. Just chalk the victory up to six-gun savvy," he added with a grim smile.

The End

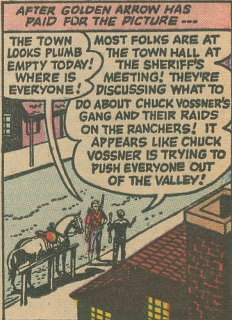
GOLDEN ARROW

in THE GHOST of Golden Arrow

WHEN the vicious criminals try to steal the oil rich valley, they know they'll have to get rid of Golden Arrow before they can complete their plans! But read what happens when the Robin Hood of the Old West refuses to stay dead and his GHOST carries on the fight!



AS GOLDEN ARROW RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF DRY GULCH, HE STOPS AT THE SHOP OF PAUL TRYON, THE LOCAL ARTIST---



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AT THE MENTION OF TROUBLE GOLDEN ARROW LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING OVER TO THE TOWN HALL!

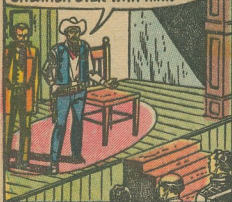
YOU ALL KNOW I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THE BAR, BUT WE KNOW WE'RE NO MATCH FER VOSSNER AND HIS GUNMEN! I SAY WE GIVE IN NOW TO SAVE OUR LIVES AND THEN SEND FER THE TROOPS TO CHASE THOSE OUTLAWS OFF OUR SPREADS!



I OWN THE LAZY'S AND I DON'T AIM TO GIVE IT UP WITHOUT A FIGHT! I SAY WE BAND TOGETHER AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH CHUCK VOSSNER AND HIS ARMY OF KILLERS!



I WANT TO THANK YOU MEN FER COMING HYAR AND GIVING ME YORE IDEAS ON HOW TO FIGHT THIS MENACE! I SEE THAT OUR OLD FRIEND GOLDEN ARROW HAS JUST COME INTO THE HALL, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I WANT TO TALK THIS SITUATION OVER WITH HIM!



AFTER THE SHERIFF TELLS GOLDEN ARROW ABOUT CHUCK VOSSNER'S ACTIVITIES ---

--- SO YOU SEE THIS VOSSNER IS NO SMALL TIME ROBBING RAIDER! HE'S THE LEADER OF A LARGE BAND THAT SEEMS TO BE MAKING A SYSTEMATIC DRIVE TO PUSH ALL RANCHERS OUT OF THE VALLEY!



THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST ARM A LARGE POSSE AND GO OUT AND FIGHT THE JASPER'S?

BECAUSE VOSSNER IS A GOOD GUN-MAN, BUT I JUST DON'T THINK HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO WORK OUT A BIG PROJECT LIKE CLEARING THE VALLEY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S WORKING FER SOMEONE AND I WANT THE BIG BOSS BEHIND THE RAIDS!



I'M READY TO HELP! WHEN DO YOU AIM TO GET STARTED?

I RECKON THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO TILL TOMORROW MORNING! SUPPOSE YOU SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE SMALL EMPTY SHACK UP IN THE HILLS, AND IN THE MORNING, WE'LL GET TOGETHER AND SET UP A PLAN OF ACTION!



THAT NIGHT, GOLDEN ARROW IS AWAKENED BY NOISES IN HIS SHACK!



WHO'S THERE? HUH! HEY, WHAT IS THIS? I'M TIED TO THE BED!

I'M CHUCK VOSSNER AND I'VE HEARD OF YORE REPUTATION FER HELPING THE LAW! I AIM TO MAKE SHORE YOU STAY OUT OF THINGS AROUND HYAR!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER, GOLDEN ARROW ARRIVES AT THE SHERIFF'S HOME —

WAKE UP, SHERIFF! YOU WERE RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE BEHIND CHUCK VOSSNER AND I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO MAKE HIM REVEAL HIS IDENTITY!

WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO?

VOSSNER THINKS HE'S KILLED ME, SO I'M GOING TO HAUNT HIM UNTIL HE RUNS TO HIS BOSS FOR PROTECTION! WHEN HE DOES, I'LL FIND OUT WHO HIS BOSS IS! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP A LENGTH OF CHAIN AND I'M OFF!

SCRATCH GRAVEL, WHITE WIND! WE'RE GOING TO ACT OUT A GHOST STORY!



SOME TIME LATER, IN THE HILLS —

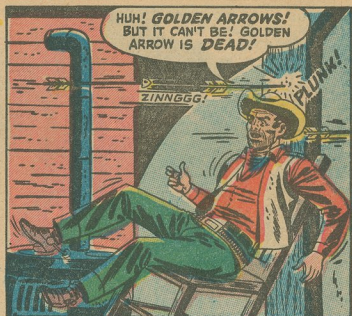
THERE'S THEIR HIDE-OUT AND THAT'S CHUCK VOSSNER SITTING IN THE CABIN! HERE'S WHERE HE'S GOING TO BE STARTLED OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH!



HUH! GOLDEN ARROWS! BUT IT CAN'T BE! GOLDEN ARROW IS DEAD!

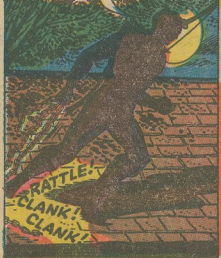
ZINNGGG!

PLUNK!



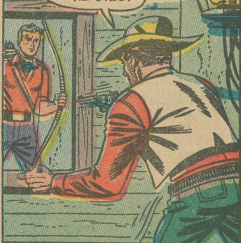
THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! NOW THE ORNERY VARMIN'T IS GOING TO GET THE REAL SPOOK TREATMENT!

THIS CHAIN RATTLE WILL HELP PUT HIM IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS!



INSIDE THE CABIN, GOLDEN ARROW'S TACTICS HAVE TAKEN EFFECT!

IT IS GOLDEN ARROW! THIS TIME, I'LL MAKE SHORE HE DIES!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AND A FEW SECONDS LATER ---

I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOME OWLHOOT IN THAT WINDOW! NOW REACH, LAWMAN, AND GET INTO THE HOUSE!

HUH!



IT'S GOLDEN ARROW --- AND HE'S ALIVE!

RIGHT! AND THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T DELAY ANY LONGER! I'LL RIDE TO THE SHERIFF AND TELL HIM THAT GOLDEN ARROW HAS LOCATED THE VOSSNER GANG IN THE HILLS AND HE WANTS THE RANCHERS TO COME OUT AND CLEAN OUT THE GANG!



THEN I'LL LEAD ALL THE RANCHERS TO A SPOT WHERE YOU AND YORE MEN CAN AMBUSH THEM. YOU KILL OFF ALL THE LAND OWNERS AND LEAVE IT CLEAR FER ME TO GRAB ALL THE LAND --- AND ALSO THE OIL BENEATH IT!

BUT FIRST TIE UP THIS HOMBRE! WE MAY NEED HIM AS A HOSTAGE LATER.

RIGHT, BOSS, AND THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY!



SOON ---

DON'T FORGET! I'LL LEAD THE RANCHERS THROUGH KOSTER PASS WHERE YOU AND YORE MEN WILL BE WAITING!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS, IT WILL BE A MASSACRE!



KNOWING THAT EVERY SECOND COUNTS, GOLDEN ARROW STRUGGLES VALIANTLY WITH THE ROPES THAT BIND HIM, BUT IT IS HOURS LATER BEFORE HIS WRISTS, RAW FROM THE FRICTION OF THE ROUGH ROPES, FINALLY COME FREE!

I'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM TO KOSTER PASS OR IT'S SURE DEATH FOR ALL OF THEM!

AFTER A BREATHTAKING RIDE ---

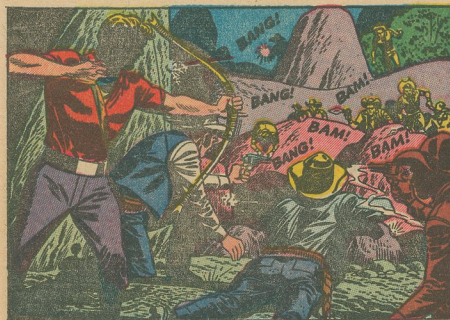
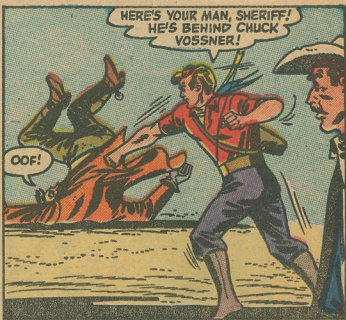
HOLD IT, SHERIFF! THERE'S AN AMBUSH WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PASS!

GOLDEN ARROW! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

I MADE IT! I'M FREE! THERE'S NO TIME LEFT TO RIDE TO TOWN! THE RANCHERS MUST ALREADY BE ON THEIR WAY!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane



A
BLACK JACK
STORY

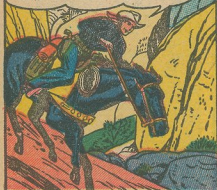
The TERROR



THOROUGHbred HORSES DISAPPEAR WITHOUT TRACE AND TOUCH OFF HAIR-TRIGGER TEMPER IN A SWEEPING, TURBULENT TIDE OF VIOLENCE THAT EVEN THE SIX-GUN PROVES AND PILE-DRIVING POWER OF ROCKY LANE'S MIGHTY FISTS CANNOT STEM--UNTIL THE GREAT STALLION, **BLACK JACK** HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE MAELSTROM TO MEET THE MURDEROUS CHALLENGE OF **THE STALKING TERROR!**

THE INDOMITABLE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, RACES HIS GREAT STALLION, **BLACK JACK** OVER A RUGGED MOUNTAIN TRAIL....

EASY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! THESE MOUNTAIN TRAILS CALL FOR SOME MIGHTY SURE FOOTING!



SUDDENLY.....

HELP!
LEMME GO...
I'M PLUMB
INNOCENT!



STRING THE
HOSS-STEALING
VARMINT UP!

WHOA,
BLACK JACK!
THAT SOUNDS AS IF
A NECKTIE PARTY
IS FIXING TO COME
OFF!

LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!
I AIM TO TAKE A
HAND IN THIS!

HAUL
AWAY, MEN!
HE'S AN EX-RUSTLER
AND A LEOPARD
DOESN'T CHANGE
ITS SPOTS, I
RECKON!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

IT LOOKS AS IF I GOT
HERE PLUMB IN THE
NICK OF TIME!

I RECKON IT'S ONE
OF HIS RUSTLER PARDS!
GUN HIM DOWN,
MEN!



DROP THAT GUN AND START
TALKING--PRONTO! I'M ROCKY
LANE AND I AIM TO FIND OUT
WHY YOU JASPER'S ARE
STRINGING UP THIS RANNY!

ROCKY LANE
-- THE
UNDERCOVER
MARSHAL?



THAT'S RIGHT! NOW
WHAT'S THIS ALL
ABOUT?

I'VE BEEN MISSING
SOME THOROUGHbred
HOSSES RIGHT ALONG
AND MY HANDS, HERE,
FOUND OUT THAT THIS
MAVERICK, WHO WAS RIDING
HERD ON THE BRONCS WAS
A RUSTLER--WHICH
MEANS HE'S BEEN
STEALING THEM!

THAT'S A
DOGGONED
LIE!



YUH, MEAN TO SAY
BALD-FACED THAT
YO'RE NOT AN
EX-RUSTLER?

HOW
ABOUT
THAT?

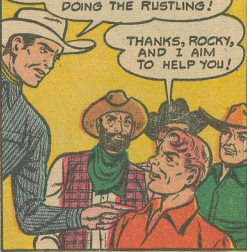
THAT PART IS TRUE
ENOUGH AND I WON'T
DENY IT! I WAS JUST
A WILD KID WHO
GOT MIXED UP WITH
A BAD CROWD,
AND....



...BELIEVE ME, ROCKY, I LEARNED
MY LESSON! I'VE GONE STRAIGHT
EVER SINCE! WHEN I SAY I
DIDN'T STEAL THOSE HOSSES,
I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!

ALL RIGHT! I RECKON I'LL TAKE
YOUR WORD ON THAT, BUT IT'LL
GO MIGHTY HARD WITH YOU IF
YOU'RE LYING--BECAUSE I AIM
TO ROUND UP WHOEVER IS
DOING THE RUSTLING!

THANKS, ROCKY,
AND I AIM
TO HELP YOU!



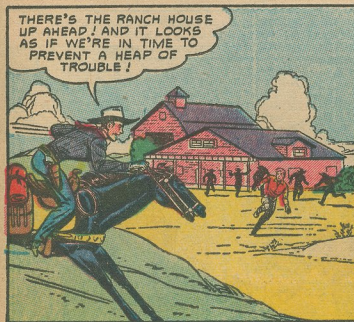
NOW TELL ME HOW
THESE HOSSES
HAVE BEEN
DISAPPEARING!

I CAN'T
FIGURE IT
OUT! I TAKE

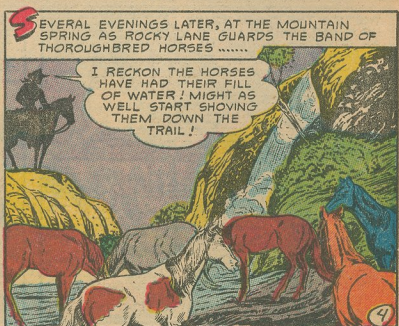
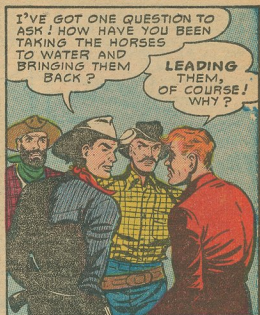
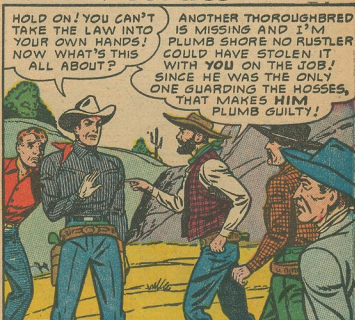
THE HERD OF HOSSES
TO WATER IN THE
MORNING AND EVENING
AND BRING THEM
BACK, BUT EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE
THERE'S ONE
MISSING!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

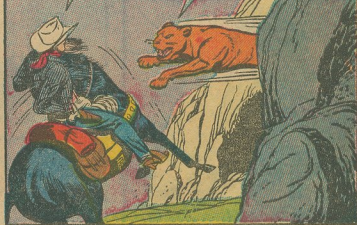
THAT EX-RUSTLER MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE, I RECKON! HE LED THE HERD WHICH MEANS THEY WERE BEHIND HIM! I AIM TO HERD THE HORSES IN FRONT OF ME WHERE I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON THEM ALL THE TIME!



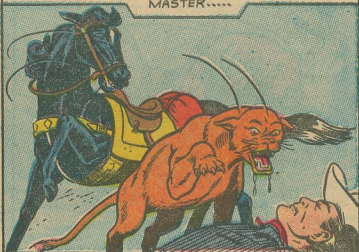
SUDDENLY--- WITHOUT WARNING....

A MOUNTAIN LION!

GRRRR!



AS THE FEROCIOUS MOUNTAIN LION POISES A MIGHTY CLAWED PAW FOR THE SLASHING DEATH-STROKE, THE GREAT STALLION, **BLACK JACK**, WHIRLS TO THE DEFENSE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER....



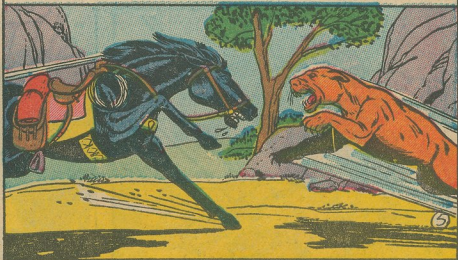
CONK!



.... AND FACES THE SNARLING FURY OF THE STALKING TERROR!

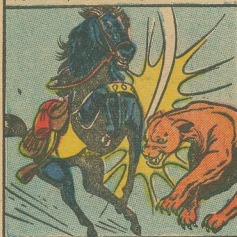


AS THE RAPACIOUS KILLER SAVAGELY TURNS ITS BLAZING FURY TOWARD THE GREAT STALLION, **BLACK JACK** UNDAUNTEDLY PLUNGES FORWARD TO MEET THE ATTACK WITH THE THUNDERING VIOLENCE OF A RAGING TORNADO GONE BESERK!

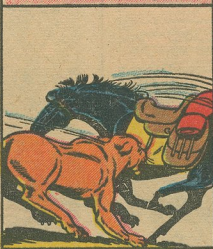


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AS THE GREAT RAKING CLAWS OF THE MOUNTAIN LION SLASH TOWARD THE VITAL JUGULAR VEIN, **BLACK JACK** LASHES OUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED--SENDING HIS MURDEROUS ASSAILANT FLYING!



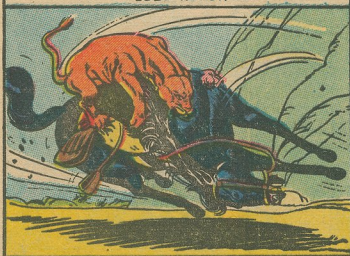
AS THE GREAT-HEARTED **BLACK JACK** FURIOUSLY CHARGES TO END THE FRAY, THE WILY MOUNTAIN KILLER DEFTLY SIDE-STEPS, AND...



....LEAPS TO THE MIGHTY STALLION'S BACK FOR THE KILL!



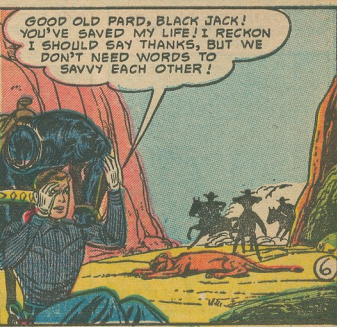
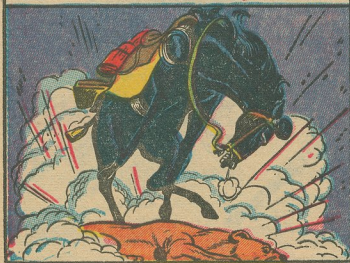
BUT THE KEEN, INTELLIGENT MIND OF **BLACK JACK** HAS SEIZED THE STRATEGY IN A TWINKLING FLASH AND GOES INTO INSTANTANEOUS ACTION



.... AND ROLLS, PINNING THE SNARLING KILLER TO THE GROUND IN A CRESCENDO OF FRIGHTFUL SCREAMS AND BREAKING BONES



BACK JACK WHIRLS AND STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH THE EARTH-SHAKING FORCE OF LIGHTNING, STAMPING THE MURDEROUS SPARK OF LIFE OUT OF THE GREAT KILLER-CAT!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



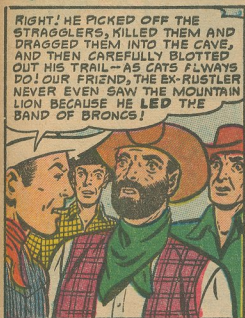
WE RODE BACK OVER THE TRAIL WHEN THE BAND OF HOSSES CAME BACK WITHOUT YUH, ROCKY-- WHUT IN SAM HILL? A MOUNTAIN LION STAMPED TO BITS!

RIGHT! THAT'S YOUR RUSTLER, GENTS---WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!



AND HERE ARE YOUR RUSTLED BRONCS OR--- WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM IN THE CAVE!

SO THAT MOUNTAIN LION WAS THE RUSTLER!



RIGHT! HE PICKED OFF THE STRAGGLERS, KILLED THEM AND DRAGGED THEM INTO THE CAVE, AND THEN CAREFULLY BLOTED OUT HIS TRAIL--AS CATS FLWAYS DO! OUR FRIEND, THE EX-RUSTLER NEVER EVEN SAW THE MOUNTAIN LION BECAUSE HE LED THE BAND OF BRONCS!



THANKS, ROCKY LANE! YUH'VE DONE MORE THAN JUST SAVE MY LIFE! YUH'VE MADE FOLKS BELIEVE IN ME AGAIN!

WE SHORE THANK YUH, ROCKY LANE! YUH'VE SAVED US FROM TAKING AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE-- AND YUH WIPED OUT A KILLER!



THANKS, BUT THE CREDIT FOR ALL THIS GOES TO BLACK JACK! GET RAMBLING, OLD PARD, AND I DO MEAN PARD!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF

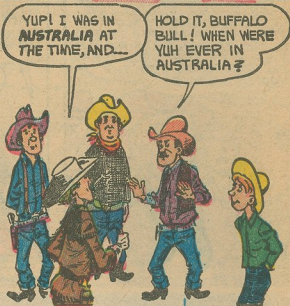
Rocky Lane

AND HIS HORSE BLACK JACK

in his own magazine...

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR *rocky lane western*

BUFFALO BULL... "AUSTRALIA BOUND!"



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



I CAN'T!
I HAVEN'T
GOT IT ANY
MORE!

WHY, WHAT
HAPPENED
TO IT?

I GAVE IT
TO AN
AUSTRALIAN
WHO OUT-
LIED ME!

GASP!
WHAT?
SOMEONE
OUT-LIED
YOU!

GASP!!
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

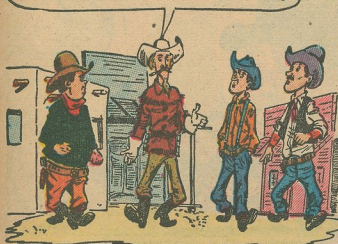
I KNOW IT'S
HARD TO
BELIEVE,
BUT IT'S
THE TRUTH!

OH, YEAH!
HOW DID
HE DO
THAT?

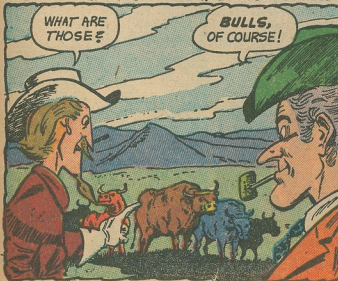


WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, I WAS ROAMING AROUND
IN AUSTRALIA AND I HAD ALREADY WON THE GRAND
MEDAL FOR LYING, WHEN I MET THIS HOMBRE
AND HE INVITED ME OUT TO HIS RANCH!

HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME
BEING A CHAMP LIAR AND I DECIDED
TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM AND
TEASE HIM!

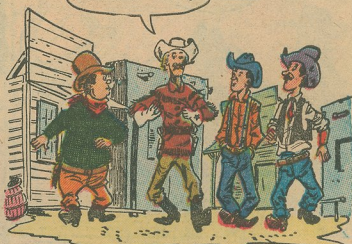


"HE WAS SHOWING ME AROUND HIS GROUNDS,
WHEN A HERD OF BULLS CAME INTO VIEW..."



WHAT ARE
THOSE?

BULLS,
OF COURSE!



NO WONDER I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THEM...
IN THE UNITED STATES THE BULLS ARE
FOUR TIMES AS BIG!



GASP!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

"IN A FEW MOMENTS WE CAME UPON A FLOCK OF SHEEP..."



"AT THAT MOMENT A FEW KANGAROOS HOPPED PASSED US..."



HMM, THEY'RE ABOUT THE SIZE OF AMERICAN RABBITS!



--- THEY'RE GRASSHOPPERS!



I DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD! I JUST HANDED MY LIAR'S MEDAL TO HIM!

HA, HA! HE PUT YUH IN YORE PLACE, DIDN'T HE?

YUP! THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME I RAN ACROSS AN HOMBRE WHO LIED BETTER THAN ME!

WELL, WE BELIEVE YUH REALLY WERE IN AUSTRALIA NOW! TELL US 'BOUT THAT KANGAROO YUH FOUGHT!

I HATE TO THINK OF IT! EVEN THE MEMORY IS PAINFUL!

YUH MEAN HE BEAT YUH UP?



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

NO! I WAS GETTING THE
BEST OF HIM ...



...BUT HE HAD A POCKET FULL OF
FRIENDS, AND THEY ALL GANGED UP ON ME!

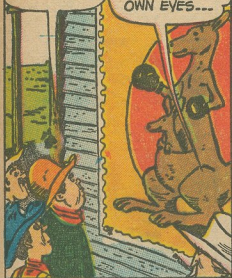


THAT'S RIGHT!
KANGAROOS DO
CARRY THEIR
YOUNG IN THEIR
POUCHES,
DON'T THEY?

YES, AND I SAW
A VERY AMUSING
THING OVER THERE!
THIS IS TRUE,
FELLOWS! I
SAW IT WITH MY
OWN EYES...

A BABY KANGAROO KEPT
JUMPING OUT OF HIS MAMA'S
POUCH TIME AFTER TIME,
AND THE PAPPA KANGAROO GOT
VERY ANNOYED AT THIS AND WAS
ABOUT TO SPANK THE BABY
WHEN THE MAMA KANGAROO
CRIED OUT...

"DON'T SPANK JUNIOR! HE CAN'T
HELP JUMPING OUT OF MY
POUCH EVERY FEW MOMENTS!
I HAVE THE HICCUGHS!"



LET'S GO,
FELLOWS!

HUH? WHAR ARE YUH
CRITTERS GOING?



TO AUSTRALIA... TO GET
THAT CHAMPION LIAR'S
MEDAL BACK FER YUH!

HA,
HA!

UHP!





YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

FROM THE AUTO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD
TO YOU . . . COMES THIS AMAZING

MOTORCADE BARGAIN

50 CARS \$1



REPAIR TRUCKS
HIGHWAY VANS
DELIVERY TRUCKS
U.S. ARMY PLANES
STREAMLINE TROLLEYS

NOWHERE IN LILLIPUT did Gulliver ever see anything like this! This AMAZING MOTORCADE BARGAIN includes FIFTY miniature motor cars: true three-dimensional scale models of streamline trolleys, highway vans, delivery trucks, repair service cars, and U.S. Army planes. They're wonderfully realistic, and made of durable, colorful plastic. Each car is an AUTHENTIC SOUVENIR of the motor capital of the world! Fifty cars gives you plenty to use for all sorts of action games, exhibits, crafts and teaching projects. Ever so handy for all sorts of scout projects, school and club activities. Yes, you can even SWAP and TRADE A FEW for anything you like, and have plenty left over for months and months of fun and accomplishment!

8 FEET
of CARS

fits in the trunk of your car
or in a suitcase
or in a box
or in a bag
or in a case
or in a box
or in a bag
or in a case

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We Pay Postage Send Check, Cash or Money Order. Your Order Rushed!



REALISTIC ACCESSORIES for your model train set-up!



Make wall panoramas with magazine picture background and highway foreground.



Start your own collection of miniature: swap, trade, exhibit!



Play tic-tac-toe and other favorite games this different way.

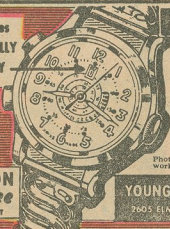


Tiny autos, trucks and trolleys make grand props for table-top photography.



Demonstrate and teach traffic and safety.

Date Changes
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\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME

"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Wyde, Brooklyn, New York.

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Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers." Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information.



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TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

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